A LETTER FROM EXON to his Friend, Mr. T Wills, in London, concerning the Landing of the French, July 26; with the particulars of the Burning the Town of Tingmouth, &c.

1. Aug. 1690.

Loving Kinsman,

MY Service in the Camp, against the French Fleet, hinder'd me from Writing the last Post. The Enemy now lie as they did when I wrote to you last; and on *Saturday* Morning, about Five, the 15 Gallies, and one Man of War, with the Long-boats, made up to *Tingmouth*, and Rang a Peal of Canons about half an hour long; afterwards landed about 1000 Men, who entred the Town, and burnt about 30 Houses: went into the Church, broke the Communion-Table in pieces, the Pulpet and Desk; tore the *Common-Prayer* Book in pieces, and did some injury to the Font. I observ'd the Proclamation for the Fast against a Pillar, which had but one cut with a Sword. There were in the Harbour about Eight Ships and Barks which they also burned, not sparing the Passage-Boat, nor the Village which lies the Yonder side the Passage. They also made an Incursion about a Mile above the Town, and burnt several Country Houses. About three Hours before they Landed, Coll. *Bampfield* was in the Town with his Regiment, but they pretending to Land about *Brixham*, he was Commanded there; and the Town left to the Guard of the Mobile, and a Mob. Troop of Horse, Commanded by the young *Heyden*, who all scoured upon the first Firing of the Enemy, and left two pieces of half Canon planted upon the Shore, which the Enemy took with them. When they landed, there was so great a Mist, that one could not discern the other: About Nine a Clock it broke up, and the Enemy retir'd to their Boats, when I enter'd the Town, in the Head of 200 of the *Posse Com.* where we found the Town all in Flames and Ruine, but no one stay'd to be killed; all left their Houses, except an old Woman, of Eighty Years, who was taken in the Bed, and in danger of Ravishment; but pleading her Age, escaped. She says, about Twenty enter'd her Chamber, all English; they made bold with her Coffers, but assured her, she need not be afraid of burning her House; and told her, If the rest had stay'd, they might have saved theirs. I send you some of their Match, which I took burning in a House; and were it not for the charge of Postage, would send you a Bullet of 30 *l.* weight, which I took up in the Ruins of a Chimney. I am just mounting again (having seen your Mare, who will be serviceable against you come) and therefore must bid you adieu, wishing us Victory over the Enemy, and a happy meeting,

Exon, July 28. 1690. *Yours* J. W.

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